

As he pronounced these last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The croud caught the words, and, 'stop, stop the execution!' was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came at full speed, The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a foaming steed. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and instantly embraced Pythias.

'You are safe,' he cried, 'you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the Gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.'

Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents.——'fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour!—But I will not be wholly disappointed—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.'

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched, his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestably approved by their facts.

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He descended from his throne, and ascended the scaffold. 'Live, live, ye incomparable pair!' he exclaimed, 'Ye have borne unquestionably testimony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me, by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.'

MORAL.

True friendship is a rare, tho' one of the greatest blessings in life, and a real friend an invaluable acquisition.



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